

THE PLAGUE OF BOOK-BORROWING.

IS IT PAST REMEDY?

THE discovery of reading, with which the year 1905 will ever be associated, and the synchronical conception of libraries all over the country, may be found not to be without drawbacks. Already, indeed, we understand, the fashion of having a volume in the hand, whether or not it is being perused, has so taken possession of many persons that forcible borrowing and even the theft of works is becoming as prevalent as an epidemic. Just as a few winters ago everyone had to possess a ping-pong racquet, now everyone who values his birthright as an imitative animal must be accompanied by literature.

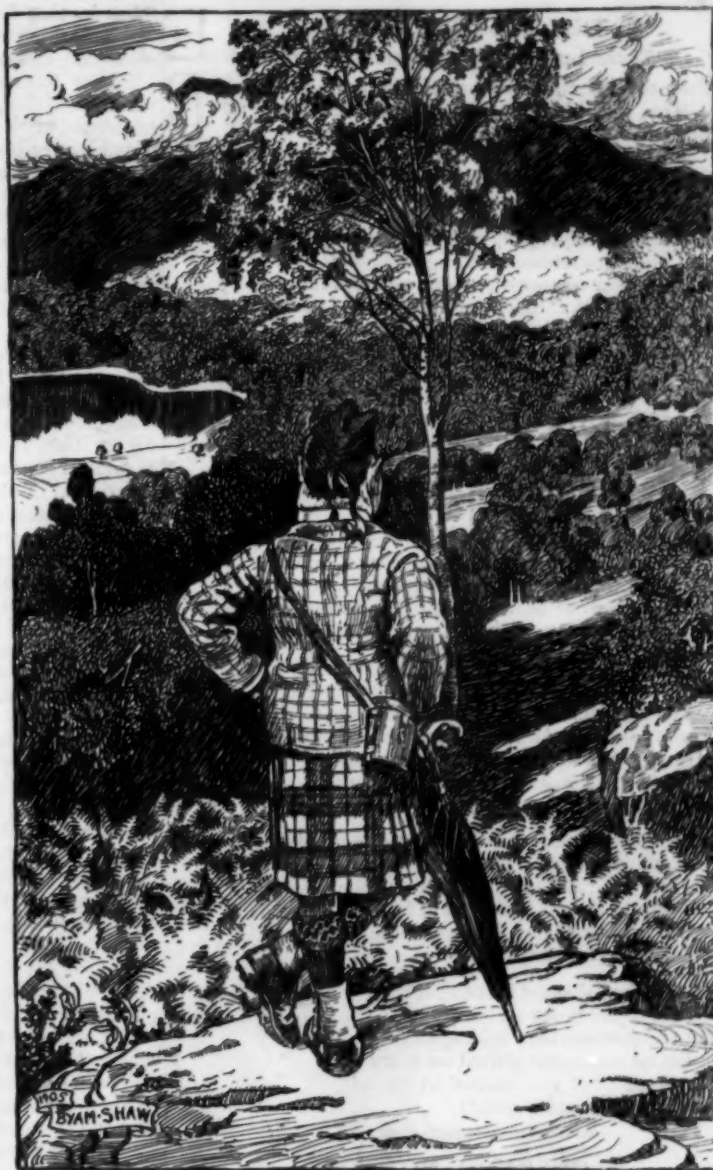
The result is that since the more notorious circulating libraries are so full that no more tickets can be issued for some weeks, people are having to get their books as they can, and a grave situation has arisen among those who love their shelves and loved them before the present unhappy and feverishly perusing year saw the light. As some deterrent to crime, packets of book-plates have been placed on the market, to establish the identity of the rightful owner of the volume the more securely; but this is held to be but a feeble protection, and the opinions of expert book-men have therefore been solicited on the subject. We append a few replies:

Dr. GARNETT, late Chief Librarian of the British Museum, writes: "What I know of human nature, acquired during long years of service in Bloomsbury, convinces me that the mere affixing of a book-plate to the inside cover of a volume will not preserve that volume from the predatory borrower. No matter how adhesive the mucilage, there is a perfect solvent in hot water."

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING writes: "Statistics, which cannot lie, show that out of every 100 persons who take an interest in reading only three buy books, and two of those try to get them second-hand. The remainder are borrowers. Nothing will alter these figures."

Mr. HARRY KEEPS writes: "My theory has always been that a book belongs to the reader who can best understand it, or to whom its message is imparted with least diminution of the author's purpose. It is on this principle that my library has been amassed, and it now numbers many thousand volumes."

"Those who go a-lending go a-sorrowing" writes: "Nothing will deter the professional book-borrower. I have done everything in human power, but to no purpose. I have chained every volume to the wall—and he has filed through the chain. I have passed a strong electric current through every



A LAIRD OF CREATION.

Represented in the Act of Spoiling his own Landscape.

page—and he has not been shocked. I have let loose a mastiff in the library—and the mastiff alone has not been abstracted in the night. Book-borrowers are not to be overcome."

"One who knows" writes: "There is one way, and one only, to stop people from borrowing and keeping one's books. Book-plates are useless. The only way is to fill your shelves with books that they do not want; the works, for example, of — and — and —."

[Fill in blanks to taste.]

"I have found this plan act perfectly.

Upstairs in an inner room I have the books I love and read; downstairs, all accessible, I keep rows and rows for these others. In this way I have weeded book-borrowers out of my acquaintance."

An Old-fashioned Execution.

FROM an account of the Doncaster Art Club's Annual Exhibition in *The Doncaster Gazette*:

"Miss — also goes in for portraiture. In hitting off her father's head her intentions are good, but the execution lacks very much in artistic finish."

THE MISSING WORD.

To the Leader of the "Unionist" Party.

CAPTAIN! our ranks were sundered here and there;

Mists were about us; we could not combine;
But still we looked to you to clear the air

And close the gaps with one cohesive sign;
One word of yours, we said, last Tuesday night,
Would put the matter right.

Breathless we hung on your Newcastle speech.

A clear pronouncement might arrest the rot,
Welding our scattered sections each to each,

Till doubt and difference were clean forgot:
For you would tell us, on the eve of war,
What we were fighting for.

You spoke as one that means to be obeyed:—

"This is no time," you said, "for cranks to croak;
It is the Cause (*hear! hear!*) that claims our aid,

And we shall need united hearts of oak—"
(But you forgot to say, between the applause,
What *is* the actual "Cause").

"Union"—how well you put it—"makes for power;

And we had better seek dishonoured graves
Than fail to rally at the fighting hour,

When o'er our heads the one true Banner waves—"
("Banner" was good, but here came in the hitch—
You didn't mention *which!*)

"Come then, and hew the foeman hip and ham,

Led by a chief on whom you may rely;

And, if at times you don't know where I am,

Surely you'll recognise my battle-cry—"

(Of course we would; but nobody can tell
What you propose to yell.)

"And should we find ourselves, through fickle chance,

In a minority of one to ten,

We will not yield for that, but take our stance,

Backs to the wall, and die at least like men—"

(A noble phrase! but how are we to guess

What is the wall's address?)

"And when the end is come, if come it must,

And to the death we've played our manly part,

Let the post-mortem, held upon our dust,

Reveal one motto graven on every heart—"

(Immense! but you omitted to disclose

How the inscription goes!)

O. S.

OPERATIC NOTES.

The New Opera in four Acts. Andrea Chénier. Book by LUIGI ILICA. Music by UMBERTO GIORDANO. English version (for those to whom the Italian language, spoken or sung, is unintelligible) by PERCY PINKERTON. This is a "Romance of the French Revolution." It was originally produced at La Scala in 1895, and for the first time at Covent Garden November 11, 1905. House for the *première* crammed: opera most favourably received. The story is simple enough. During the "Reign of Terror" *Andrea Chénier* gains the love of *Maddalena*, who dies with him on the guillotine.

On this first occasion the orchestra was somewhat too loud (that's one effect of nervousness), and the singers not quite loud enough,—another effect of nerves. As *Andrea* Signor ZENATELLO was, both in singing and acting, perfect. He received immense and thoroughly well-deserved applause in Act 1, when, at the reception given by the *Countess Coigny* (sounds like money), he sings about the "Power of Love." "What a poem," exclaims *Chénier* (translated by Poet PINKERTON)

"lies in that little word love." So he gives them the poem—a little thing of his own—whereat the stage guests appeared somewhat shocked, but the audience was delighted.

Signor SAMMARCO came out powerfully, histrionically and vocally, as *Gérard*, who, a simple *Jeames*, footman in the household of the Countess, becomes an ultra-republican, and does his very best to get *Andrea* guillotined. Why? Because *Andrew*, the unmerry but musical, has won the heart of *Maddalena*, with whom *Gérard-Jeames*, her democratic domestic, is madly in love.

Signora STRAKOSCH, as the unfortunate, self-sacrificing *Maddalena*, who scorns the flunkey and succumbs to the poet, was admirable in every way. Signora DE CISNEROS doubled the parts of *Bersi*, a comparatively insignificant friend of the heroine, and *Madelon*, an old lady who gives her son to the Revolution, and in this latter scene her acting was very fine. Signora DE CISNEROS made a great impression. All the smaller parts were adequately filled. Signora ZACCARIA made a pleasing personage of *Countess Coigny*, and Signor THOS was good as *Roncher*, friend of the poet *Chénier*. Signor WULMANN, not, perhaps, quite realising CARLYLE's description of the thorough-going republican revolutionist he was impersonating, namely, *Fouquier-Tinville*, made the most of the small part, and Signor WIGLEY was not a whit behind him in his representation of his *confrère Mathieu*.

Scenery effective; revolutionary mob ditto. The four-Act opera plays quickly, and would be over in a comparatively short time but for the "waits" between the Acts. Added "waits" will make the lightest opera heavy. So far, this new opera may be reckoned as an undoubted success. Conductor MUGNONE, and all concerned in it, are to be congratulated.

Wednesday.—Rigoletto. "In Italian" it is stated in the programme. But when was it ever given in English (except as *The Fool's Revenge*), or in French (except as a drama), or in Dutch, or in any other language save Italian? However, Italian it is. A somewhat sparse but very enthusiastic audience to welcome the first-rate *rendition* of *Rigoletto* by Signor BATTISTINI. "What shall he do who cometh after the King?" Well, there has been more than one King of Lyric Drama in this same part, and who comes after them must follow, unless he takes a line of his own, which Signor BATTISTINI certainly did, and achieved an undoubted success. After the Third Act the reception of the duet was so overpowering that, willy-nilly, Signora CLASENTI as *Gilda* (singing and playing well, not great) and Signor BATTISTINI were compelled, at least they seemed to have agreed between themselves that they were compelled, to give an *encore* of their fine performance. Mistake this.

No great shakes in Dukes was the *Il Duca* of Signor GIORGINI; tuneful, nice, but a Duke without any dash. Capital was Signor WULMANN as the melodramatic *Sparafucile*. Signora ZACCARIA as *Maddalena*, pleasing; and Signor THOS came out histrionically and musically strong as *Il Conte di Monterone*. Signor MUGNONE conducting himself and his orchestra in fine style, and all's well with the world at Covent Garden.

Another War Office Exposure.

"SHOCKED SPINSTER" calls our attention to a statement in *The Daily Mail*, to the effect that, on the occasion of the progress of the King of the HELLENES to the Guildhall, "the soldiers, clad only in their scarlet tunics, presented an unpleasant contrast with the warmly-clad members of the police force." Italics by "Shocked Spinster" herself.

A Gruesome Business.

FROM the windows of a tailor in the Midlands:

"WE HAVE CLEARED A SCOTCH MERCHANT'S REMAINS
OF HIGH-CLASS OVERCOATINGS AT A BIG REDUCTION."



THE OPTIMIST.

ABDUL HAMID. "WHAT, ALL THE FLEETS COMING HERE? THAT WILL BE FUN! I DO HOPE THEY'LL HAVE FIREWORKS!"

[The Powers have decided on making a naval demonstration, in case the Sultan should continue obstinate on the Macedonian difficulty.]



THE END

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BEHIND THE SCENES.

Beater. "ERE YOU ARE, MR. BAGS, 'ERE'S ANOTHER ONE, BUT 'E RAIN'T TOO FRESH. I DON'T THINK 'E WERE KILLED TO-DAY."

Keeper (*sotto voce*). "'OLD YOUR ROW, STUPID! OF COURSE HE WASH'T. WE ALWAYS PUTS A FEW DOWN WHERE THE GOV'NOR'S GOIN' TO STAND!"

IN DEFENCE OF FAIRY TALES.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET has lately been expressing her opinion that fairy stories are undesirable reading for juvenile minds, and that children had much better devote themselves to the biography of JULIUS CÆSAR and similar excerpts from universal history. Her Grace of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS has countered this with a book of her grandmother's fairy tales, and, we believe, the Duchess of SUTHERLAND has also entered the lists in favour of *Cinderella* and *Jack the Giant Killer*. Into this particular and ducal arena of debate we do not propose to descend, except to point out, in view of the approach of Christmas, that well-established legends like those of ALFRED and the Cakes, CANUTE and his Courtiers, or BRUCE and the Spider, have also their pantomimic value, and would seem to combine the requirements of the opposing parties. We have no doubt the

influential nursery public will decide the question on its merits by a referendum.

As adults, however, we must enter a caveat against possible iconoclasm of the sort. We have our own contemporary Fairy Tales to cherish and maintain. We believe in them so loyally and profoundly that it would be a crying shame for any prosaic, matter-of-fact individual to disillusionize us. If one is robbed of a child-like faith in these, it may well be asked, what are we to believe? We need only quote a few of their titles from a long list, familiar as household expletives to most of us:—

"The Largest Circulation of any Three-halfpenny Paper."

"Trafalgar Square; or the Finest Site in Europe."

"A Set of Pearl-like Teeth for Half-a-Crown."

"Umbrellas Mended while you wait."

"The Wild Cat Gold Mine; or Fortunatus's Purrs."

"Not a Money-lender, but a Gentleman with Capital."

"Glen-fusel—the Finest Old Scotch."

"The Sporting Prophet, or our Mid-day Double."

"The Music-Hall Serio and her Real Diamond Chest-protector."

"The House-Agent and All That Messuage."

"The Registry-Office Lady and her Priceless Domestic Jewels."

"The Party Politician and His New Heavens and New Earth."

And so on, and so forth. Let us, we repeat, cling to the romances or, rather, articles of creed which these headings suggest. No lady, however distinguished, shall tamper with the beliefs of our grown-up years. ZIG-ZAG.

THE *Dumpy Books* have been followed by the *Stumpy Books*, and we fear that the *Jumpy*, the *Humpy*, and even the *Frumpy Books*, are bound to come.

CAP'EN DREW DRAWS.

At the New Theatre the four-Act play by Mr. H. H. DAVIES, entitled *Captain Drew on Leave*, has achieved success mainly through the admirable interpretation given it by Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's well-chosen company. Commencing so quietly as to almost threaten the spectator with progressive weariness, the interest is gradually worked up to an undoubtedly fine dramatic climax in the Third Act, perfectly rendered by Miss MARION TERRY as *Mrs. Moxon*, and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Captain Drew, R.N.* Indeed throughout the play, with the performance of Sir CHARLES appearing at first as the gay, reckless *Lothario*, and at last as the conscience-struck "convertite," no fault can possibly be found. The character is represented to us, presumably, according to the author's intention; *ça suffit*. So too for Miss MARION TERRY's *Mrs. Moxon*; her charm of manner as pure wife and mother, her innocence, her unaffected surprise at her own defection from the straight and narrow road of virtue, and her revulsion of feeling against this new self which has suddenly been called into being, all these phases of character are so forcibly depicted by this clever actress as to win, for the erring wife, sympathy that should be due to the good, stolid, devoted husband.

To satisfactorily represent such a character as the husband *Mr. Moxon*, modelled, apparently, on that of *John Mildmay* in *Still Waters Run Deep*, is an artistic task of no little difficulty, for which it would be difficult to find an actor better fitted than Mr. LOUIS CALVERT, who plays it impressively and without the slightest exaggeration.

Mr. EILE NORWOOD achieves a triumph of art in so representing the unprincipled scoundrel, *Mr. Hassal*, as to rescue this very ordinary commonplace character from the grip of thorough-going conventional melodrama. Everybody at all conversant with the stage knows this villain. Why the author should have added drunkenness to his other vices is not quite clear.

That a naval officer, in the prime of life, as is *Captain Drew*, should be a Don Juan, is of course not a very startling assumption, but that he should act as a low cad, laying a wager, with a somewhat foolish companion, that he will successfully flirt (not to use a stronger and more appropriate verb) with the wife of his friend's friend, to whose house he has been brought as a guest, and that this bet should be made in an ordinary manner, as if it were *Captain Drew's* usual way of proceeding, is a violation of probability that makes *Captain Drew* appear more immoral than the double-dyed melodramatic villain already mentioned. He is far worse than was the gay *Captain Crossree, R.N.*, when tipsily bent on the seduction of *Black-eyed Susan*. That such a man as this *Captain Drew* should be suddenly conscience-struck by his own blackguardly conduct is well-nigh miraculous; and that his intended victim, on his confessing himself frankly to her, apparently, incapable of understanding how she has been made a fool of, should not only immediately forgive the insult, but should also proceed at once to own her passionate undying love for so heartless a person, exceeds the ordinary bounds of probability. The exigencies of the stage, it will be said, demand the immediateness and the spontaneity of the act. True; but this is where the art of the dramatist comes in, and where, in this case, it is wanting. It is the original sin of the piece itself, which was evidently written for the sake of this one great situation, arrive at it how we will, and get out of it how we can.

As for the Fourth Act, the serious part of it is *de trop*: husband, wife, and jilted Don Juan, all contemptible. It only wanted the two boys, the *Masters Moxon*, to be brought home from school; they might have come in between father and mother, and so have completed the absurdity. Mr.

Lentille, of the Crummies Company, would have done it. However, the piece had to be finished somehow, and the author has not chosen the best way.

So much for the serious interest of the piece culminating in the Third Act; now how about the light comedy? It is most amusing. Leaving out of the question Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's occasional share in it, all will readily admit that, Miss MARY MOORE, as *Miss Mills*, gives sparkling life to the play. She is fortunate in having Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST as the embodiment of her quiet, nervous, sensible, and deeply devoted lover *Mr. White*. His is a very difficult character to portray; it is important, it is essential; as without him, with what "CHARLES his friend" could *Captain Drew* make his bet? and to whom could *Miss Mills* say so many of her good things, the "plums" that the author has lavished on this part? Rarely, except in *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace* and in *The Tyranny of Tears*, has Miss MARY MOORE had a rôle of which she has been able to make so much as she does with this of *Miss Mills*. Her sense of humour, legitimately developing the author's, comes in strong relief to the serious interest of the piece, and serves, as such artistic relief always should, to intensify what it relieves. Miss MARY MOORE makes the part natural; it might so easily have become exaggerated. She preserves *le juste milieu*, and it is to *Miss Mills*, as thus played, that the last Act owes its success. Had we simply been informed by her that *Captain Drew* had departed and that the *Moxons* had made it up, everybody in front would have been quite satisfied to take her word for it.

It is a pity that American engagements necessitate the conclusion of the run of this piece before Christmas, as otherwise, played as it is now, *Captain Drew's "Leave"* might have been prolonged in London for many months.

NEW ZEALAND ZIGZAGS.

MR. PUNCH hears from his Own Special Sparrow—

1. That the only Clubs that would be absolutely certain to vanquish the "Silverleaves" are those which are not going to meet them.
2. That the Maorilanders consider the Scotch the most lavishly generous race under the sun; and are under the impression that "Take the lot, never mind us," is the national motto of the Across-Tweeders.
3. That when, before a recent match, the Captain of the home team, to excuse the defeat which he foresaw to be inevitable, decided to get his men laid out at intervals, there was keen competition for the first turn.
4. That in consequence of fervent appeals to English teams to play more with their heads, SCOLAR, the Cambridge back, did splendid execution against the All Blacks with his face.

MORE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."—In the prospectus of the new "Villégiature Forestière-Maritime Internationale," of which the name is "Le Château d'Hardelot," with its extensive grounds within easy reach of Boulogne-sur-mer, there occur on the English Committee list two names that are guarantees of ultimate success. One is Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, and the other "'Toby,' of *Punch*." That Mr. *Punch* should be thus represented transmarinely (TOBY crosses in his own bark) is good, but how gratifying from an *entente-cordiale* point of view is the fact that one of the "Notaires" professionally attached to this Anglo-French Society should be "Maitre MABELLE DE POSCHEVILLE." Only the name of some distinguished Irishman from *Punchestown*, Ireland, is required to complete the *Punch* pre-eminence.

MR. PUNCH HAS NOTICED WITH GREAT PLEASURE THE MANY RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS. HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING STILL MORE STRIKING, AND GIVES A FEW SUGGESTIONS.



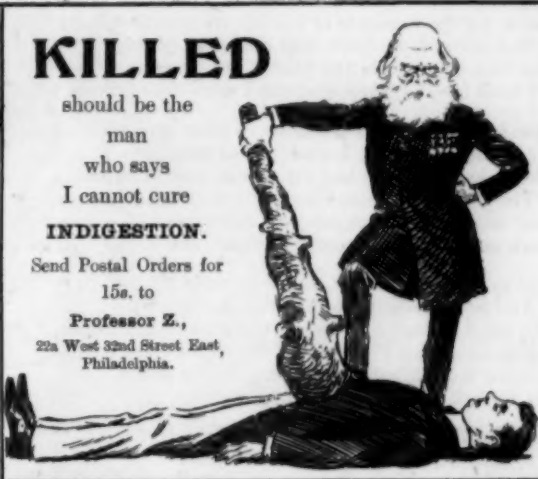
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BABY**

for want of a
few of
Mother Treacle's
1d. packets
of Teething Powders.

KILLED

should be the
man
who says
I cannot cure
INDIGESTION.

Send Postal Orders for
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Professor Z.,
22a West 32nd Street East,
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**YOUNG MAN
DON'T**

linger along o'
Lucy any
longer,
but cover
your floors
with

FLORIOIL



and make her name the happy day.

**LADY X.
WAS
INTOXICATED**

with delight at our everlasting
"Won't Wear Out" Corsets.

She writes: "Please send three dozen."



AIM HIGH and get in
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You cannot do this
**IF YOU
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A Bottle of
Jones'
**ECZEMA
LOTION**



will be sent free on receipt
of 5s. 6d.
in stamps.

**HOME, SWEET
HOME.**

Keep your boys
there
by getting one of our
7s. 6d.
Miniature
Billiard Tables.



TO A FUR-LINED COAT.

COME from the coy retreat where Thou hast slumbered
In calm oblivion to the rounding Year;
Come, for the moments of his life are numbered,
O grave and gracious, dignified (and dear);
The days draw close, the time of frost begins;
Come, I have need of Thee, sore need, my Coat of Skins.

How have I mourned the dawn of other winters!
(A chilly thing am I, and frail to boot);
The rude North knocked my cockles into splinters;
The sharp East swept my heart-strings like a lute;
How bilious was mine aspect in the glass!
How pink mine eyes, my nose how violet, alas!

And ever I grew hoarse, and ever more hoarse;
And Sternutation tore me with its throes;
Men leapt to hear me cough; the musing war-horse
Has cried Ha! Ha! when I have blown my nose;
And my teeth chattered, and my windy bones
Audibly rattled, like a cab on cobble-stones.

And ah, 'twas bitter, when "for all my feathers"
I "was a-cold," at every turn to meet
Men robed in skins, supreme against all weathers,
Proud men, who walked as tho' they owned the street;
And ever to the gods I made my prayer,
"Oh, for a Coat of Skins!"—and much they seemed to care.

And then—ah then, methinks not even Jove knows
Such joy as that which thrilled my shivering form
When, starting with a full purse and a mauve nose,
I made Thee mine, and came home broke, but warm.
(And how I paid, and what a 'musquash' is,
I count as two of heaven's profoundest mysteries).

Thenceforward, let the winds be ne'er so numbing,
I cared not, finding Thee a sure defence.
Thou wert so soft, so warm, and so becoming,
I could not choose but do Thee reverence;
Nay, I grew conscious of a mellow spice
Of hauteur, which itself was cheap at any price.

For Thou, despite mine inches, didst invest me
With a new loftiness, of such brave sort,
That many an awe-struck cadger has addressed me
As "Colonel." Ha! So ample was my port
That there was one sought alms—I heard him cry,
"My lord!" "My lord!" he said; and mighty pleased was I.

A fat, full, time! Too soon the "blithe new-comer,"
That silly cuckoo, robbed Thee of Thy use.
Ah, Sweet, I could not stand Thee in the summer!
I wore Thee while I had the least excuse.
Think not, I laid Thee by of changing taste:
'Twas that Thou wert so dear—too dear to be replaced.

Now may we meet afresh. This morn my lynx eye
Discerns a relish of the poignant North;
The passing nose looms redly. Come! Methinks I
May, with a decent pretext, bear Thee forth!
Come, let us take the air for some few rods:—
Gods! Gods! He moults! He moults! He has a moth!
Gods! Gods! Dum-Dum.

Headless.

"Who is the Head of the Theatrical Profession?"
[Vide recent letters in *The Daily Mail*.]
None seem to know who's the party in possession,
"We have lost our Head" is their melancholy tale.

UNHONOURED HEROES.

(THE STORY OF AN INVASION THAT FAILED.)

I ADMIT at once that they were unspeakably insignificant, these heroes of mine. I will not say that the body politic for whose protection they gave their lives so unselfishly was unaware of their existence, but it certainly would not have recognised one of them by sight.

There, or so at least it seems to me as I sit down now to write of these things, lies the real pathos of the tale I have to tell.

For the State persistently neglected its humble defenders, in spite of all warnings. Again and again had experts declared that its safety depended on maintaining them in a reasonable condition of efficiency—but, wrapped in a fatuous sense of security, it paid no heed to such admonitions.

It was taken for granted that an invasion was a contingency so highly improbable as to be unworthy of serious consideration. And so it happened that the one force which could be relied upon to repel a hostile invasion was allowed—whether deliberately or not—to fall below their normal strength, and was denied the means of attaining that mobility that was so essential should their services ever be put to the test.

This might have been of less consequence, had external precautions been consistently adopted—but they were not. And the inevitable result followed. The blow fell without the slightest warning.

Speaking for myself, I shall never forget the incredulous surprise and dismay I felt on hearing that the dreaded German foe had succeeded in surprising an unprotected portion of my beloved country, and in numbers that were hourly increasing threatened to strike inward and attack the seat of government itself!

Personally I was helpless. As a non-combatant, I could only wait passively and hope against hope that this supreme crisis would be muddled through in the customary manner.

But there were others, more active, who, undeterred by the neglect and indifference which they had borne so long and so uncomplainingly, came forward gallantly to the defence of their native isle.

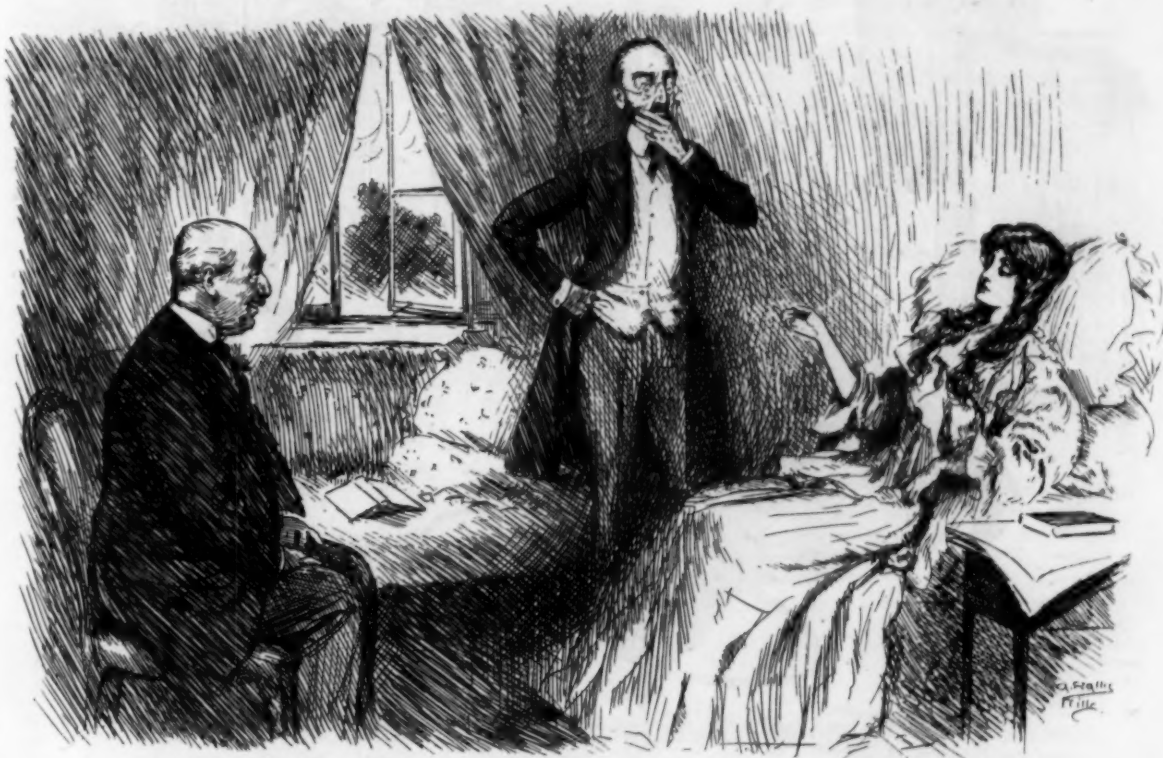
They were not much to look at; they were but ill-equipped to encounter an enemy both vigorous and formidable; pallid they were, one and all—but not with fear, and animated with but one impulse—to fling themselves at the presumptuous invader at the earliest possible moment, rid their land of his presence, or perish in the attempt.

In some pathetically inarticulate fashion they felt, without reasoning on the subject, that Duty demanded this sacrifice of them—and nobly was their duty performed.

It is not for me, as a mere civilian, to give a detailed account of the prolonged struggle that ensued. I was present, it is true, from beginning to end of the campaign, but I confess that I had but a vague and confused impression of what actually occurred.

So I must content myself with stating that the conflicts, both in their fierceness and in the varying fortune of either side, were nothing short of Homeric. Many a daring deed, many an act of reckless courage must have distinguished the heroic force which could make such a stubborn and splendid defence, but of these I am unable to furnish any particular instances—and there were no war-correspondents there to immortalise them. My heroes fought and perished obscure and unregarded, as they lived.

But after days and weeks of hard fighting, during which more than once it seemed that further resistance was impossible, the attack began to show signs of weakening. Then the heroic defenders, outnumbered, shattered, and exhausted as they were, rallied for a final effort. So irresistible was the *elan* with which they advanced that the enemy first wavered, then broke, and fled precipitately. The pursuit was one long



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Uncle George. "SO GLAD YOU ARE SO MUCH BETTER, AMY, MY DEAR."

Amy. "YES, THANK YOU, UNCLE GEORGE. SINCE DR. PILLUM TOOK ME IN HAND MY RECOVERY HAS BEEN SIMPLY MIRACULOUS!"

career of carnage, so complete and so merciless that not a solitary invader remained to regret his rashness!

Thus was freedom restored to the land, from which all traces of disturbance soon disappeared, and were you now to go over the battlefield I question if you would find a single spot on its smooth surface to indicate that it had ever been the scene of so many desperate encounters.

And they who won this magnificent victory—what of them? It would be only natural to expect that those who survived would be welcomed home in triumph to be fêted, lauded, be-medalled, and pensioned by the State they had served so well. And that those who fell would at least be honoured by some worthy memorial.

With shame I confess—for I feel some personal responsibility in this matter—that, so far, none of these gallant victors has received the slightest recognition.

Still, it may not be too late, even yet, to repair this omission. With all their shortcomings, my countrymen have never been backward in appreciating and rewarding the brave, however humble, and I cannot believe that they will make an exception in this case, if only it is adequately placed before them, as I have endeavoured to do in this appeal.

I venture to make the following suggestion: That a public monument be erected by national subscription—I do not say in the Abbey or St. Paul's, which would, perhaps, be going rather too far—but in some conspicuous position in the Metropolis—say Aldwych.

It might bear some such inscription as the following, which, however, is merely a rough draft, and could be altered or amended if necessary:—

To the Ever-glorious Memory
of

THOSE BRAVE AND PATRIOTIC PHAGOCYTES
{ or 'Leucocytes,' if preferred,
it comes to precisely the same thing—S.P.B. }

Whose surnames, for sufficient reasons,
cannot be
here recorded,
but

Whose Undaunted Valour and Self-devotion
Repulsed and Utterly Annihilated
A FORMIDABLE FORCE OF BACTERIAL INVADERS
who had had the unparalleled Audacity
to erect the Insolent Standard of German Measles
upon the previously undesecrated Surface
of

SAMUEL PEACHEY BUDKINSON, ESQUIRE
(October 7th to 31st, 1905).

I need hardly explain that I am the BUDKINSON in question. Otherwise, as an individual of a naturally modest and retiring disposition, I should have hesitated before coming forward so prominently in the matter.

I am not without hope that Sir FREDERICK TREVES would, if properly approached, kindly consent to receive and acknowledge the contributions of a generous Public.

If so, I shall have much pleasure in heading the list with a subscription of (at least) two-and-sixpence.

F. A.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Wretched Boy. "ERE! AIN'T YOU GOT A HOOF OF YOUR OWN TO PLAY WITH?"

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

(A Voice from Poplar.)

God bless HER MAJESTY's heart, say I: she's done it proper and fine,
I know she'll pardon the words I use, for scholarship's not my line;
But I can't keep still since I read the news, and here's what I've got to say:—
God bless HER MAJESTY's woman's heart for what she has done to-day.
It isn't a couple of thousand pounds that helps you to kingdom come,
Though I know a couple of thousand pounds is a nice little tidy sum;
But it isn't the gold that unbolts the bars or throws the gates apart,
It's giving the gold, as the QUEEN she's done, with a merciful tender heart.
For where she sits on her golden throne a-wearing her golden crown
She has heard the voice of the weary folk, the folk that are always down;
The far-off sorrowful voice of men, the pitiful voice of wives,
And the dreadful silence of children, too, those poor little wasted lives.
She has heard it all, and her heart was torn; but what was a QUEEN to do?
There's danger in this, so the wise ones say; there's risk in the other too,

For if there is one thing plain, they say, as plain as the sound of thunder,
It's this, that the folks who can't stay top must all in the end go under.

But the QUEEN she doesn't pay heed to that, she thinks for a little while,
And then she ups and she calls an Earl, and her face breaks out in a smile:
And she tells him to count two thousand pounds, and she says to the Earl, says she,
"There's folks that are dying for want of food, and that's what's the matter with me."

And she wants her people to help, she says; it isn't so hard a trick
To give when a QUEEN has showed you how, and do it as quick as quick;
To give for the poor who have tried and failed, though they never were ones to shirk;
To find them the work that'll find them food and the food that'll help them work.

So here's to the QUEEN again, I say, the QUEEN with her lovely face;
The QUEEN with her heart on fire for us, who stepped from her lofty place,
And came and spoke to us straight and true in words we could understand,
And gave us the best a QUEEN could give, a pitying woman's hand.



FOGGED.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFORD. "WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TO, MA'AM?"
UNIONIST PARTY. "I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW."

RIGHT HON. A. B. "FOLLOW ME, MA'AM, I'M GOING THAT WAY MYSELF."



GYNNING-KING.

Tramp. "MORNIN', MISS. PLEASE, COULD YER GIVE ME A PAIR O' TROUSERS?"

Parson's Daughter. "I WILL ASK MY BROTHER IF HE HAS ANY TO GIVE AWAY."

Tramp. "THANKEE, MISS, AN' I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS."

WAS MR. GLADSTONE A VOCALIST?

[This interesting question is exciting so much attention that we are glad to be able to print some valuable letters on the subject.]

SIR,—MR. GLADSTONE WAS NOT A singer in the way that the late Signor TAMAGNO might be called one, or even CARUSO; but he certainly had the power of emitting sounds from his larynx which more or less approximated to musical notes, and in so far as he could do this the title of singer must not, I think, be denied to him. Many of us cannot do even that. My late revered chief invariably sang in his bath. (Well for MARAT had he done the same, for he might then have frightened CHARLOTTE CORDAY from her fell purpose!) But the public occasions on which he burst into vocal exuberance are few. I find that at a Harvest Home at Hawarden in 1867, he gave as a solo,

"John Barleycorn," with almost too much success, for the company had to be got away in wheel-barrows; while as late as 1884 his rendering of "*Che Faro*," from GLUCK's *Orfeo*, at a village concert in the same place, was the event of the evening, and is still remembered with tears. These are the only instances which a hurried glance through the GLADSTONE papers has revealed.

I am, etc., JOHN MORLEY.

SIR,—I cannot say anything as to Mr. GLADSTONE's gifts as a singer, but I know that he once whistled, and whistled very well. He had been for a walk in the park at Hawarden with his Pomeranian dog *Petz*, and the little fellow, as is the manner of his kind, wandered off and for a few minutes was lost to sight. Mr. GLADSTONE, on noticing this, stood still and whistled, in long, clear, bell-like notes, until *Petz* reappeared. I was making a water-colour sketch at the

time, behind a tree, and was an unseen observer of this interesting passage in the life of a great man. It seemed to me so touching to think of the mighty statesman whistling for his little four-footed dumb friend. I am, yours, etc.,

LYDIA BURBLE.

SIR,—I remember once when Mr. GLADSTONE and I were walking in the Alps in the early sixties we came to a little roadside inn for lunch, the provision of which was exceedingly meagre. It struck us that, at any rate, we should be able to get some honey with which to eke it out, but the waiter, a foolish moon-faced fellow, persistently failed to understand my word for that commodity which we pronounced at him. Having tried all languages, living and dead, Mr. GLADSTONE imitated the buzzing of a bee, and I remember how struck I was by the accuracy of the mimicry and its resonant tone. Even this failed to

awaken the dolt's dormant perception until the great statesman added to his buzzing a sharp jab with a fork in the fleshier portion of the man's leg, which so realistically brought to his mind the idea of a sting that he hastened to inform us that there was no honey in the house. Beyond this instance I can say nothing definite as to Mr. GLADSTONE's vocal powers. I am, &c.,

AVEBURY.

SIR,—That Mr. GLADSTONE occasionally sang is beyond doubt, but as to the quality of his singing—that is another story. I find in my diary the following entry under February 29, 1881:—

"The Breakfast Club met at HART-DYKE'S. Eight present, including GLADSTONE. The conversation turned early upon old London cries, and GLADSTONE imitated the St. James's milkmaid's call, 'Milk O!' with much humour and *vraisemblance*, so much so that HART-DYKE's cat was heard miaowing at the door immediately after. POLLOCK said something about Orpheus attracting the beasts with his melody, which started GLADSTONE upon an excursion into Greek myth, which did not stop till it was time for lunch."

Trusting this little reminiscence may be useful to you, I am, &c.,
M. E. GRANT-DUFF.

SIR,—In the intervals of amassing a modest competence I have always found music my chief solace and recreation, and pride myself on the possession of a remarkably correct ear. On the occasion of the opening of a free library at Bootle by Mr. GLADSTONE, the proceedings opened with a performance of "*God Save the Queen*." Though a staunch Republican I was so carried away by the fervour with which Mr. GLADSTONE led the National Anthem that I joined in unconsciously, but at the close found that I was exactly a minor third above the great Liberal Statesman. But whether he descended or I ascended from the true pitch is a point with which at this interval of time I cannot charge my memory.

I am, etc.,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

SIR,—In my frequent conversations with Mr. GLADSTONE the talk, curiously enough, never fell on music, but I may, perhaps, be allowed to supplement this omission with an anecdote of a cousin of mine, LANCELOT WILBRAHAM, a favourite pupil of JOWETT's in the sixties. WILBRAHAM, who was a man of blameless character, and the only member of the Bullingdon Club who ever gained the Hall and Houghton Septuagint Prize, was deeply addicted to music and quite a remarkable performer on the concertina. Hence JOWETT's sweeping dictum, "All musicians are immoral except WILBRAHAM." It is only fair to add that JOWETT

knew little or nothing of music, and when once reference was made to WAGNER's *Flying Dutchman* naively observed, "I thought WAGNER was a musician, not an owner of racehorses."

I am, &c.,

LIONEL TOLLEMACHE.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Domestic life," the croaker thinks,

And shakes a pessimistic head,

"Domestic life with all its links

Of love and tenderness is dead."

Ah, could you spend a Sunday, Sir,

Wheeling my twin perambulator,

You possibly might wish it were,

O acti temporis laudator.

My brothers, fetterless and free,

Fly off on pleasure only bent;

Some golf beside the "Silver Sea,"

Some motor through the Weald of Kent,

Whilst I—I know no Sunday lark

But trundling forth my son and

daughter

To feed the ducks in Regent's Park,

And sail toy boats upon the water.

I craved love once—but when a chap

Is nightly roused from pleasing dreams

To sterilise ALPHONSO's pap

Or soothe CECILIA's frenzied screams;

When he is harnessed like a colt

To cradle or to baby carriage,

What wonder should his soul revolt

From these entralling bonds of marriage?

What wonder, 'as he puffs the clay

Of poverty beneath the stars,

If he regret the halcyon day

Of one-and-sixpenny cigars?

What wonder that he looks behind

To hours when careless youth went

on so

And loved a bottle—not the kind

Affected by the brat ALPHONSO.

What wonder he should sometimes sigh

For nights that all too swiftly flew,

When throats were wet and humour dry

Amid the mad Bohemian crew;

When song dispelled the doleful dumps,

When wits were wide awake as weasels,

When he had never heard of mumps

And did not know the name of measles.

NEW LIGHTS ON HELLAS.

[In view of the great and natural interest excited by the visit of the King of the HELLENES to our shores, the following remarkable article, supplementary to one which recently appeared in *The Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, written by a distinguished Soho publicist, and secured at enormous cost for exclusive issue in his columns by *Mr. Punch*, will doubtless be perused with breathless interest.]

THE day of the modern Athenians begins at an early hour in the morning, though not at the same time as in London, owing to difference in the latitude and

longitude, to say nothing of the meridian. Still, many persons are out of bed by eight o'clock and hurry off, after a light repast of coffee and rolls, to their various vocations. Coffee was unknown in the time of PERICLES and SOCRATES—who, as is well known, drank hemlock—and was not introduced until a comparatively recent date. After this meal the women of the household fill up the rest of the forenoon with needlework and other occupations, such as *halma*, *podokeien*, *discon*, *akonta*, and *palen*, the Greek counterpart of jiu-jitsu. The Greeks, it may be added, are intensely musical, and Athens is one of the few places where

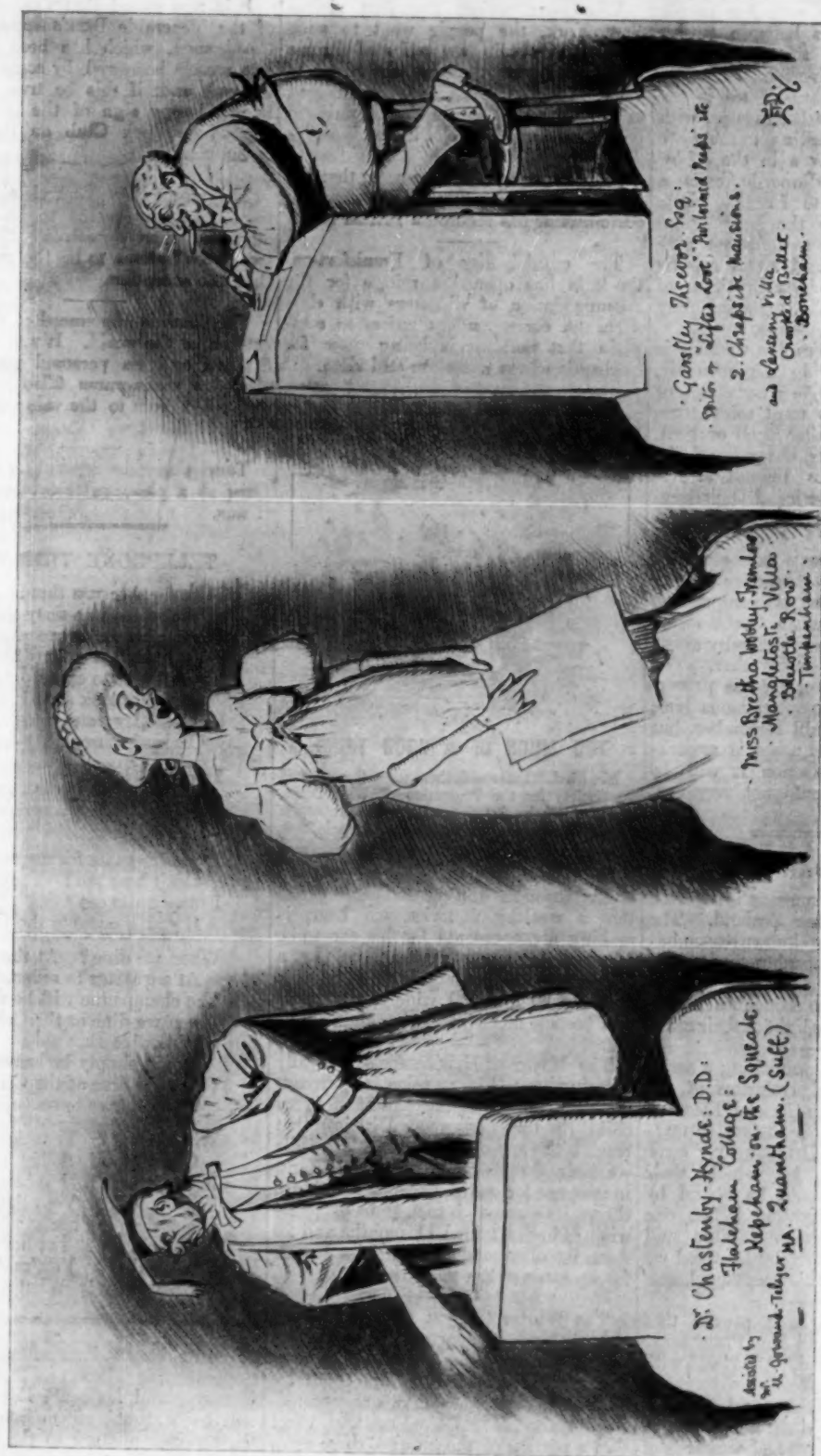
THREE CHESTNUT RECIPES.

CHESTNUT MOUSSE.—First catch your mousse, or moose as it is incorrectly spelt in Canada, and having stuffed it with chestnuts roast over a slow Greek fire. Then lay it in a matapan with half a pint of real old stock, a large blade of mace and a small grain of salt. When tender remove the bauble, if possible to the Cromwell Road, and pour into a mould lined with crimson crash.

CHESTNUT GIN.—Peel a quart of very old chestnuts, stew them in a bonzoline gallipot till soft, and then mash them with a Taylor mashie. Place in a Leyden jar on the fire and stir in their weight in golden sherry. When the mixture begins to set, whip it smartly with a cellular whisk, and add an egg-cupful of junket, three ounces of Listerine and a teaspoonful of Java guelly.

CHESTNUT CUTLETS.—Skin twenty-five chestnuts, and after washing them with warm water and soap, pulp them with a wooden pulper, stiffen with a little shellac and divide the whole into eight sections, wrapping each in Baltic seal fastened with a safety pin.

the piano is still played by hand. Mid-day, appropriately enough, is the hour for the mid-day meal, to which the members of the family are summoned by a bell or in some cases by a gong. Conversation is carried on during mealtime in the modern Greek language, which closely resembles that of classic Greece, though, owing to the absence of phonographic records, it is impossible to state whether the pronunciation is the same. Cigarettes are generally smoked after the meal, in some cases by the ladies as well as by the gentlemen, but the latter often prefer cigars, some mild and others of a stronger brand.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 4.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* (see our last issue) in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

In the hot weather very few people are seen out of doors between twelve and four o'clock, and the habit of the siesta is well-nigh universal. Any time after four o'clock, afternoon tea is the beverage, being served hot in cups, with or without sugar, according to the taste of the individual. Even in the colder months, the usual dinner-hour is a trifle late according to English ideas, and in the dog-days the hour grows later until it extends to half-past nine or ten o'clock. Indeed cases are on record of frugal families in times of distress dining on the following day for several days in succession.

Some Athenians when the weather is hot take their meals in the open air, either on a terrace, or in a verandah, or at a restaurant. The meat most generally consumed is either lamb or goat, for owing to the rocky character of the country, prime beef is difficult to procure, except in the district of Oxyrrhynchus, where the papyrus affords splendid pasturage.

Greek women are as a rule good linguists, for, unlike the practice in our girls' schools, Greek is compulsory, with the result that when Greek meets Greek there is never any difficulty about their understanding each other. The beauty of the Athens women is proverbial, as readers of BYRON's famous lyric *Zetropes, sas agapo* will remember, but the absence of Roman noses is remarkable, though on reflection it will be admitted that this could not very well be otherwise.

CHARIVARIA.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon is reported from Christchurch, New Zealand. The local mutton, for some unknown reason, has been giving forth a phosphorescent glow, and, according to one account, it is no uncommon sight to see economical householders reading by the light of their meat.

The *Daily Mail* is publishing a series of carefully compiled estimates of the results of the coming General Election, and it is thought that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. BALFOUR may come to an arrangement by which their respective parties should be bound by *The Daily Mail's* results. When one considers the enormous trouble and expense that would thereby be saved we cannot but applaud this sensible scheme.

Now that it has been proved that GEORGE THE FOURTH and Mrs. FITZHERBERT were legally married, America, with characteristic enterprise, is producing a number of grandchildren, and it is not impossible that the interesting couple may be proved to have had upwards of one hundred little ones.

When our cruiser squadron visited New York, the people went to such lengths to obtain souvenirs of Prince LOUIS OF BATTENBERG that, according to our information, the PRINCE was obliged to attach several labels to his uniform bearing the words, "Not to be taken."

It is rumoured, by the way, that we shall shortly hear that a fair American curio-hunter has secured a British Duke.

The municipality of Frankfort-on-the-Main has opened a refuge for the accommodation of widowers with children. A correspondent writes to complain that nothing is being done for husbands whose wives are still alive.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Mr. Bird. "I was with them when they started the Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, but now they're forming one for the protection of wild worms—it's a bit too sympathetic."

So many accidents have occurred lately through the ignition of petrol that a wealthy motorist, we hear, is making arrangements for his car to be followed, wherever it may go, by a fully-equipped fire-engine, and, if this example be followed widely, our roads will become more interesting than ever.

The Mayor of HUDDERSFIELD is loyally carrying out his promise to present twenty shillings to the parent of every child (in the Longwood District) that reaches the age of one year. Meanwhile we hear that last week a local infant, in revenge for an undeserved spanking, threw its parents into a state of panic when it had attained 11 months and 29 days, by obstinately holding its breath for upwards of ten minutes.

The Winter Club at Olympia, to enable all kinds of sports to be carried on under cover, strikes us as a distinctly happy idea. At the same time the scope of the scheme has been exaggerated. For instance, it is not, we are told, a fact that a portion of the ground, three acres in extent, has been set aside for marbles.

It is now stated that the manuscript of the Venerable BEDE's *Super Cantica Canticorum*, which has been returned, was merely borrowed by some burglars to read, and, if this be true, we have here a happy sign of the influence of *The Times* Book Club on the culture of the masses.

The recent New York elections prove our American cousins to be far more advanced than ourselves. "One man two votes" seems to be the rule rather than the exception.

The death is announced of the richest cat-fish in the world. It was caught off Spalato, and its personal property included a chain-purse filled with silver and nickel coin to the value of £3, and £7 in bank-notes.

Tourist agencies report that St. Petersburg as a pleasure resort is not what it was.

TELEPHONE TRIOLETS.

HULLO! Are you there?
Chelsea—three-sixty-five!
These girls make one swear!
Hullo! Are you there?
I've no time to spare,
So please look alive!
Hullo! Are you there?
Chelsea—three-sixty-five!

I rang up to see
If you'll come to the play,
As I've stalls for "H. B."
I rang up to see
If you're game for a spree—
Can't hear me? I say,
I rang up to see
If you'll come to the play.

When we dine? At the Cri—
At a quarter to seven.
The champagne will be dry
When we dine at the Cri.
Oh adorable Di,
It will simply be heaven
When we dine at the Cri
At a quarter to seven.

What's that? Your Aunt JANE—
Great Scott! What a row
In the 'phone! I'll complain.
What's that? Your Aunt JANE—
Is she ramping again,
The old cat? Let her miaow!
What's that? You're Aunt JANE?
Great Scott! What a row!

HAUTE ÉCOLE EQUITATION.—"Major-General Sir HENRY EWART (Crown Equerry) and Major F. E. G. PONSONBY will be in attendance on horseback upon the carriage allotted to the Royal visitors."—*The Times*.

FROM AN EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is my misfortune to edit a monthly Magazine. There are people, I find, who imagine the post to be a pleasant one. Here are a few extracts from my letters this morning, which may help to undeceive them:—

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You won't mind my addressing you in this familiar way I am sure because although I don't think we have ever met and often as I find one does not meet at least only very exceptionally the people who are really most likely to be close friends if only there was an opportunity of comparing notes and so becoming intimate but I feel drawn towards you since I know that once you stayed in the hotel at Shingleford where only last summer my poor Aunt ELIZA was taken suddenly ill through a chill—as I said and shall say though the doctor seemed very puzzled about it (Three closely-written pages omitted) fourteen little sonnets for which a cheque will give me great pleasure."

"SIR,—Have you ever read the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis? And if so, how do you justify your recent article on bi-metallism? Sporadic entospores in a semi-evolutionary environment entirely atrophy all negligible statistics. I have developed this idea in a paper of 8,645 words, sent to-day."

"DEAR SIR,—On a former occasion, when rejecting an article of mine, you told me to study the character of the Magazine, in order to see what subjects were likely to prove acceptable. This I have done. In your July number I find a paper on 'Some Churches in Florence.' Knowing, therefore, that this is what you like, I enclose a paper on 'Some Florentine Churches.'"

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am only too well aware that the article on 'Jupiter's Satellites' which I enclose has no sort of merit. And I feel certain also that it is much too technical for your pages. Apart from this, I have already arranged for its publication elsewhere. At the same time, if you could publish it, all the proceeds would be devoted to the purpose of installing a new heating-apparatus in our schools, where one is greatly needed. Possibly this may influence you? And I may add that a little book compiled by a cousin of mine

was warmly commended by Mr. GLADSTONE, Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, and others. If you cannot use my article, I shall be glad to have a detailed criticism of it by return of post."

"DEAR SIR,—I do not write as a rule. But the little poem I send was due to an inspiration. Don't you think 'Lines to a Baby-boy' is a good title? But I must tell you exactly how the idea came to me. . . . (Several pages omitted.) Perhaps it would be better to compare

obliged to place my future custom elsewhere."

(Subsequent telegram).—"Mixed second sheet with letter to dressmaker. Apologies."

THE NEW LITERÆ HUMANI-ORES.

SPECIMEN EXAMINATION PAPER.

[Undergraduates are to be examined at an American University in the newspapers as a text-book.]

Literature.—What is a newspaper Book Club? Draw a map of the free-delivery area, and state briefly (3,000 words) the advantages of receiving books for nothing. Quote from the advertisements beginning respectively, "For your Children's sake," "The Secret of Success," and "Our Message to You."

Foreign Languages.—Translate into English or American:—"The All-Blacks went away with a rattle from the kick-off and smothered the Heathens. 'Nobby' SMITH, who fancies he can trap a ball, yanked the sphere right across the meadow, tried the spring-heeled-jack trick and notched three times in the first quarter. The Heathens were now up against it and had to go through the hoop. The upright negated their only attempt. In the last minute WALLACE marked for the down-unders, and ROBERTS added the major point. Score:—500 to nil. You'll do, Maoris!"

Physiology.—How did old Mr. BUNCOMBE first hear of GUNTER'S Gout Globules? How long had he had gout, and what did he do and say in his discomfort? How many globules did he take before he felt marked improvement? Say what you know of his symptoms: (a) between the shoulder-blades; (b) at the pit of his stomach; and (c) in the interior of the brain. How

many doctors had given him up? When did all pain cease, his constitution become an iron one, his business develop, and Mr. BUNCOMBE cease to be an annoyance to his family?

Commercial Candour.

"Why wait till the damage is done?
Do it NOW!"

WHAT?

WHY, send 5s. 6d. for a tin of
THE NEW ANTI-FREEZING COMPOUND."
[Add. in "The Auto-Car."



A MORE APPROPRIATE LETTERING FOR THE L.C.C. STEAMBOATS, FROM A LONDON RATEPAYER'S POINT OF VIEW.

him to another bird than a starling—but it rhymes with *darling*, you see."

"SIR,—I have long since ceased to look for courtesy from you. But bare civility at least I have some right to expect. Yet though I sent you *Deborah's Downfall*—a most thrilling story, of 140,000 words—the day before yesterday, I am still without a reply!"

"DEAR SIR,—I write to inquire whether you are likely to have space for a little article on Gothic skirts which fit badly and are far too full. You must try and make the next better or I shall be

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Sydney Escott, the heroine in Miss EDITH FOWLER's last novel, *Fer Richer, for Poorer* (HURST AND BLACKETT), is a provoking young person. It was with unfelt premonition of the appropriate that, being a girl, her parents gave her a boy's name. Throughout her life she, like the *Mary Mary* of an old song, is "quite contrary." My Baronite confesses he was a little alarmed for the success of the story when he reached the chapter where *Sydney*, accompanied by her derelict mother in search of seaside lodgings, stormed the Vicarage and insisted upon being taken in, since there were no other apartments vacant. The Vicar, apparently the last man in the world to submit to such intrusion, weakly yields. The mother is installed in the sick room, and *Sydney* dominates the premises. When we know her better, as of course Miss FOWLER did from the first, we admit the possibility. *Sydney* is as wild and wholesome as the sea she greatly loves, pure and sweet as the flowers with which she decks herself. It requires a skilled hand to manage so skittish a character through 300 pages. Miss FOWLER succeeds, marking in her last work a distinct advance on earlier efforts that found wide acceptance by novel-readers.

Messrs. W. AND R. CHAMBERS, those indefatigable and experienced caterers to the literary appetites of the young, are providing a more than usually sumptuous Christmas feast, or rather a choice of feasts, for their clients. For girls there are six books, with any one of which a frill-wearer may consider herself lucky. Mrs. L. T. MEADE has written three: *Wilful Cousin Kate*, *Dumps*, and *A Bivy of Girls*. How she can manage to do it and to keep so high a level passes the Assistant Reader's comprehension. Miss MAY BALDWIN, with two books, *The Girls of St. Gabriel's* and *That Little Limb*, runs a good second to Mrs. MEADE in the amount of her output. In merit these sisters of the pen are not to be divided. A mere male, RAYMOND JACOBSON, shows up with one volume, *Crab Cottage*, a good one.

As to boys, they can take their pick of *The Boys of Badminster*, by ANDREW HOME; *Shoulder Arms*, by G. MANVILLE FENN; and *Chums in the Far West*, by EVERETT MCNEIL. I have sampled them and can recommend them.

For imps of mischief there are two new *Buster Browns* and one new *Fozy Grandpa*. It is evident that the grandsons of *Fozy* are quite unable to cope with him. Might I suggest that they should allow *Buster* to try his hand at this irreclaimable old gentleman? It would be a good match—even though it does seem that *Buster's* journey to Europe, as described in one of the new books, has a little dashed his spirits.

I have left to the last a most delightful book, in order that I might give it a special word of praise. It is *A Book of Baby Birds*, verses by B. PARKER, illustrated by N. PARKER. The pictures are perfectly charming, and the verses are, in their way, as good. Grace, dexterity, neatness and point are the chief characteristics of both.

Presumably on a well-known principle, Mr. W. W. JACOBS calls his latest book *Captains All* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), because no captain figures prominently in the stories. Far beyond his custom, Mr. JACOBS quits the sea, finding his characters ashore. This is an advantage, since it makes the reader acquainted with *Bob Pretty*, a gentleman who, to the avocation of poacher, adds the art of the diplomatist and the guile of the Heathen Chinee. How *Bob* bets his cronies at the "Cauliflower" public-house that, following on the chance shooting of a beater by a party from the Hall intent on pheasants, there will be fresh disasters of the same kind, and how he wins his bet, is a tale of adventure told with that

grim, self-restrained humour of which Mr. JACOBS is master. Another irresistibly funny story is *The Temptation of Samuel Burge*, now played on the stage of a London theatre. My Baronite advises the possessor of the book to resist the temptation to read it all through at a sitting. Better take a tale a day.

Except for revealing to us the Fitzherbert papers, which are now among the private archives of Windsor Castle, and for certain ducal and other letters, here first published by His present MAJESTY's gracious permission, the two entertaining volumes entitled *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*, by W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.S.A. (LONGMANS & Co.), do not add much to the English public's general knowledge of the really commonplace story of "The First Gentleman in Europe" and his illegal, but canonical, wife, MARIA FITZHERBERT, originally Miss SMYTHE, who at twenty-five years of age found herself a widow, for the second time, with a couple of thousand a year. She became a society beauty and captured the too susceptible GEORGE, Prince of WALES, by whom she was in turn taken prisoner and secured in the bonds of matrimony on certain terms to which, of course, she should never have consented. Beyond all possibility of doubt she was married to the Prince of WALES, and it was only to conciliate his father GEORGE THE THIRD, in order to get his debts paid, that "The First Gentleman in Europe" lied like a trooper to Mr. Fox, and Mr. Fox to the House of Commons, in absolutely denying the fact of the marriage. Mr. WILKINS tries to palliate the conduct of *Florizel*, and he is most sympathetic towards *Perdita*. But, surely, it must seem to the majority that in not listening to the voice of her own conscience, and to the remonstrance of her correct (but afterwards weakly compliant) uncle, Mrs. FITZHERBERT brought upon herself all her subsequent troubles, and, in plain language, simply deserved what she got. The illustrations from photographs are good, and the history of the period, although diffuse, is interesting.

For some time there have appeared weekly in *The Westminster Gazette* what purport to be the remarks of The Office Boy on current political events, illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches of the style familiar on school slates. The authorship is now admitted by Mr. FRANCIS BROWN, who reprints his contributions under the title *The Doings of Arthur* (METHUEN). The incongruity of the literary style of The Office Boy and the high politics he discusses is amusing, and is greatly helped by the burlesque type of drawings supplied. In this last respect my Baronite observes that Mr. BROWN is obviously a student of F. C. G.'s more elaborate political squibs.

"First come, first served," says the Baron, opening the door to Father TUCK, who comes with a Christmas waggon full of *cartes*, and presenting an evergreen Annual for all genuine child-like children who have not yet been crowded out of existence by little swollen-headed, spectacled men and women of about five or six years of age. So Father TUCK's *Toy Books*, his *Annual*, his LOUIS WAIN's *Cats*, and his pretty series of picture postcards by HELEN JACKSON, the Baron singles out for special approval. Then follows a delightful DENDY SADLER series of "Old English Toasts," and "On the Links Calendar" for Golfers. From his postcards the Baron selects the "Glistening Dew Series" and "The Pyramids of Egypt." May this brief notice create an appetising taste of the TUCK stores!

